

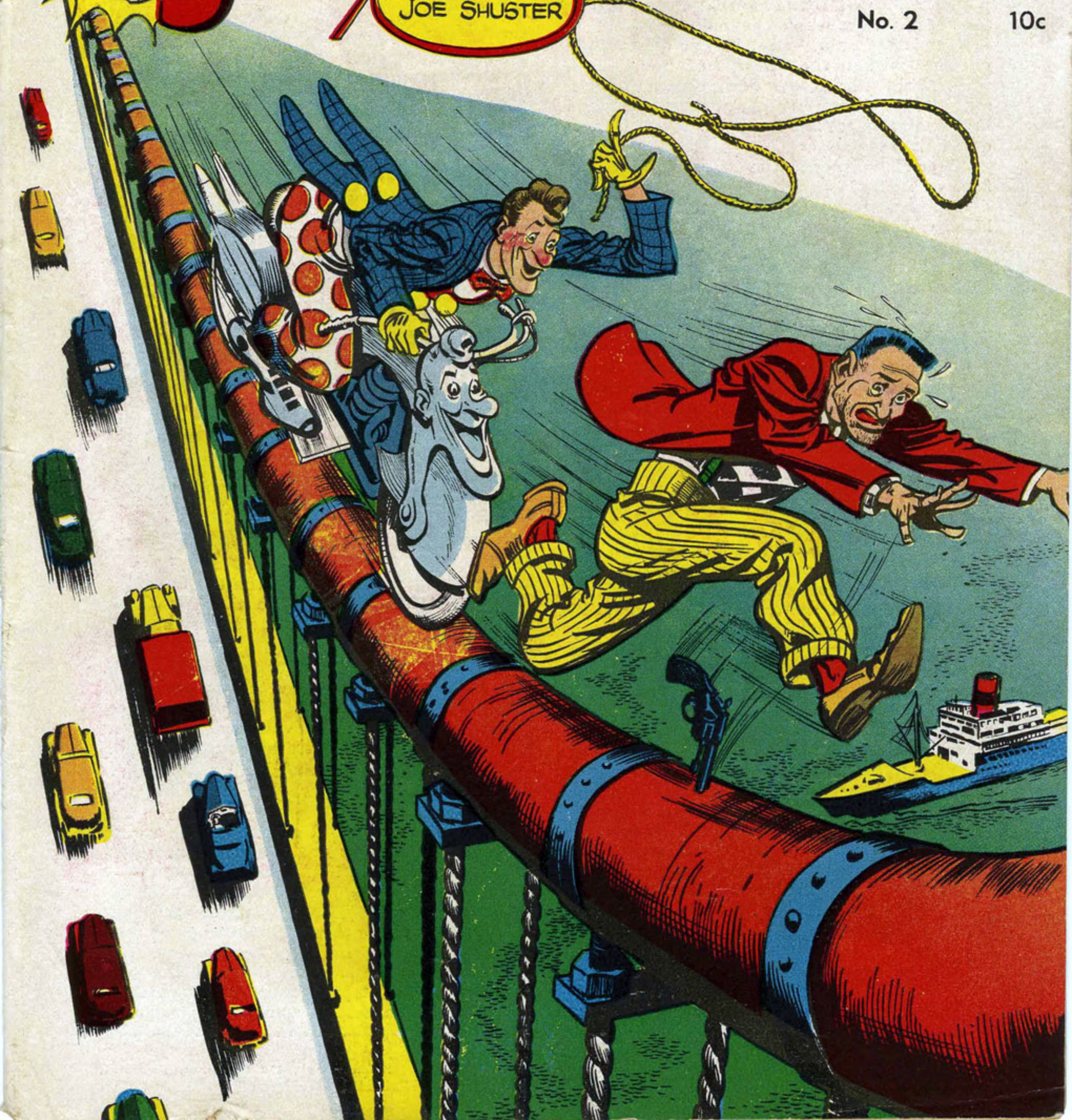
# FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

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WEB COMIC  
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# THE GIANT IN THE DOLL HOUSE

By Ray Gardner

**H**E DWARFED the house, lying in it. His left leg crushed the hall bannister to twisted ruin. His blonde head was pushed through the remains of the kitchen wall. A right hand was flung outward, lying still and frightening amid the crumbled bricks of the broken fireplace. A giant in a doll's house—

"Dead!" whispered the man who had the face of a lion.

A tiny woman, only two feet seven inches high, was screaming at the top of her lungs. The Fat Lady said, "I'm all of a-quiver myself;" and began screaming, too.

The Snake-charmer, Madame Mimi La Planche, put both hands to her cheeks and fainted in the arms of the Thinnest Man in the World. "Who," asked the Thinnest Man, "would be strong enough to kill the Giant? He was the strongest man in the world. He said so himself. No midget could possibly kill him—and yet he lies dead in the Doll's House—where all the midgets in the circus live."

"I will learn who killed the giant," a man shouted. He pushed several midgets aside as he rushed toward the Doll's House. He was Hezekiah Flint, the town detective. Flint did not like circuses to come to town. He was always looking for a way to make trouble for them, and all the circus people knew it. With the giant murdered, Flint could stop the show from going on, and all the children and their mothers and fathers would not be able to come to the circus.

Flint stood in front of the Doll's House and peeked in at the fallen giant. The Doll's House was the name of the house where the midgets lived. The entire wall was taken down during a performance under the big tent. When the wall was down, the children thronged around and watched the midgets in an animated toy house. Here was where the little people ate their meals, played cards, tumbled and danced for the children's delight. Now—if the local detective were to close down the Doll's House, the children couldn't see them.

"And we won't be able to see their shining little faces," grieved Tiny Tommy, the smallest man in the world.

Hezekiah Flint sniffed and said, "This is more'n a one-man job. I'll bet maybe more'n two men did it. Probably *three!*"

"The Three Typhoons!" whispered the Lion-face Man. "The aerial artists!"

"Right!" shouted Flint. "The men who perform on the trapeze and the high wires. Where are they, hey? They can't hide from me! I'll catch 'em!"

The Three Typhoons were swinging high on the bars three hundred feet above the sawdust ring in the Big Tent. When Flint saw them he gave a shout and ran to the metal ladder. Up he went, faster and faster. He said, "They can't get away from me. There isn't any place for them to hide!"

He went up until the narrow platform was right above him. He clambered over it, stood upright. A man was hanging by his knees from a swing-bar. The man swung past Flint, nearly touching him with his dangling hands.

"Stop swinging!" roared Flint. "I arrest you for the murder of the Strongest Man in the World! Do you hear me? I arrest you!"

Suddenly Hezekiah Flint was not standing on the little platform any more. He was hanging in midair three hundred feet above the ground. Two hands held him by the wrists. The aerial artist was swinging him back and forth.

"Yaaaaaagh!" went Hezekiah Flint.

The trapeze man let go of him. Hezekiah Flint started to fall. He fell faster and faster—

Something grabbed his ankles and held him upside down. All his money fell out of his pockets and showered down on the elephants far below him. Another aerial performer had caught him in midair, was holding him by the ankles and swinging him.

"Lemme go! Lemme go! Lemme go!" Flint yelled.

"Anything you say," said the trapeze man, and tossed him upwards so that Hezekiah Flint turned over and over and sailed through the air like a bird.

Another tightrope performer caught him this time. He threw him to another, who threw him on. Back and forth the Three Typhoons flung the bewildered detective, until he was so breathless he couldn't speak.

One of the aerial acrobats said, "We didn't kill the giant. We were up here practicing our act. Weren't we?"

Hezekiah Flint could not speak. He could only nod his head. Then one of the acrobats threw him and he went down and down—

He hit the rescue net and bounced high up in the air. He fell and bounced, fell and bounced. When he stopped bouncing, he was so tired, he had to lie there until a working-man at the circus came and dragged him out.

Reeling, the detective found his way back to the doll's house. He stamped toward the





**A**T THE CONTROLS OF THE FIENDISH, INVULNERABLE CRIME-CAR-- ITS INVENTOR... SARDONIC LAZAR!

(CHUCKLE!)  
FOOLS! THEY  
SCATTER LIKE  
TERRIFIED  
ANTS!

**L**ADEN WITH LOOT, THE NOTORIOUS CRIME-CAR FLEES. A POLICE-CAR SEEKS TO OFFER OPPOSITION, AND IS RUTHLESSLY SMASHED ASIDE!



# FUNNYMAN

LATER. -- LARRY DAVIS' PALATIAL ESTATE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF EMPIRE CITY.

FOR DAYS YOU'VE BEEN SPORTING A SELF-SATISFIED SMIRK. WHY?

TELLING WOULD SPOIL YOUR FUN. FOLLOW THE LEADER, KIDDIES!

THE BIG SECRET'S IN THE GARAGE, EH?

ONE SEC' WHILE I REVOLVE THESE DUDS AND DON THE IDENTITY OF FUNNYMAN. I INTEND TO DO THIS UP RIGHT.

IF IT'S GOT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOUR HAIRBRAINED HI-JINKS AS FUNNYMAN, I KNOW I WON'T LIKE IT.

BEHOLD! FUNNYMAN'S JET-JALLOPY!!

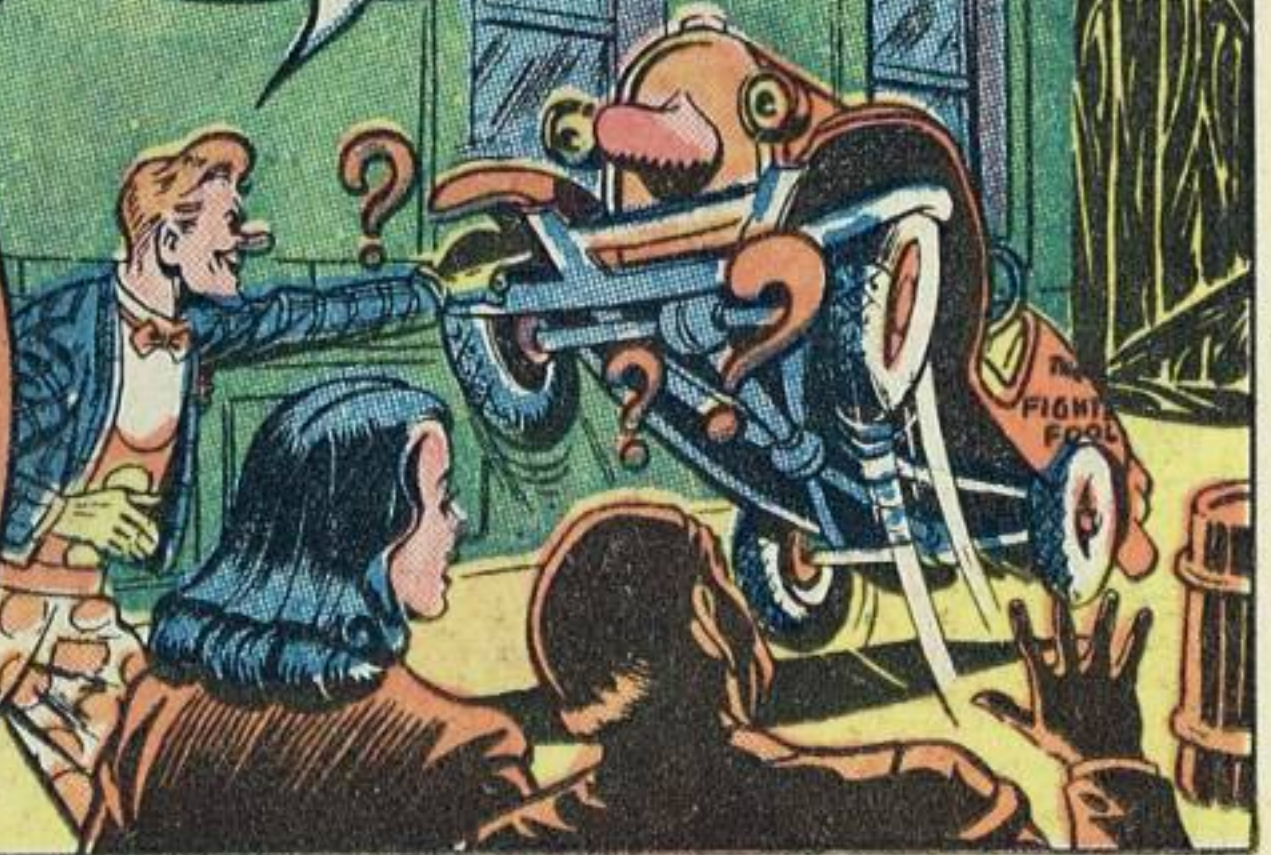
JET-WHAT??

JET-JALLOPY, I SAID! AND WHAT'S MORE, I BUILT TH' BEAUT WITH MY OWN LI'L PUDGY HANDS! AS FUNNYMAN, I COVER LOTS OF TERRITORY, AND SO I'VE WHIPPED UP AN APPROPRIATE VEHICLE TO DO THE COVERING IN!

BUT WHAT'S THERE ABOUT THIS BROKEN-DOWN HEAP THAT GIVES YOU SUCH A CHARGE?

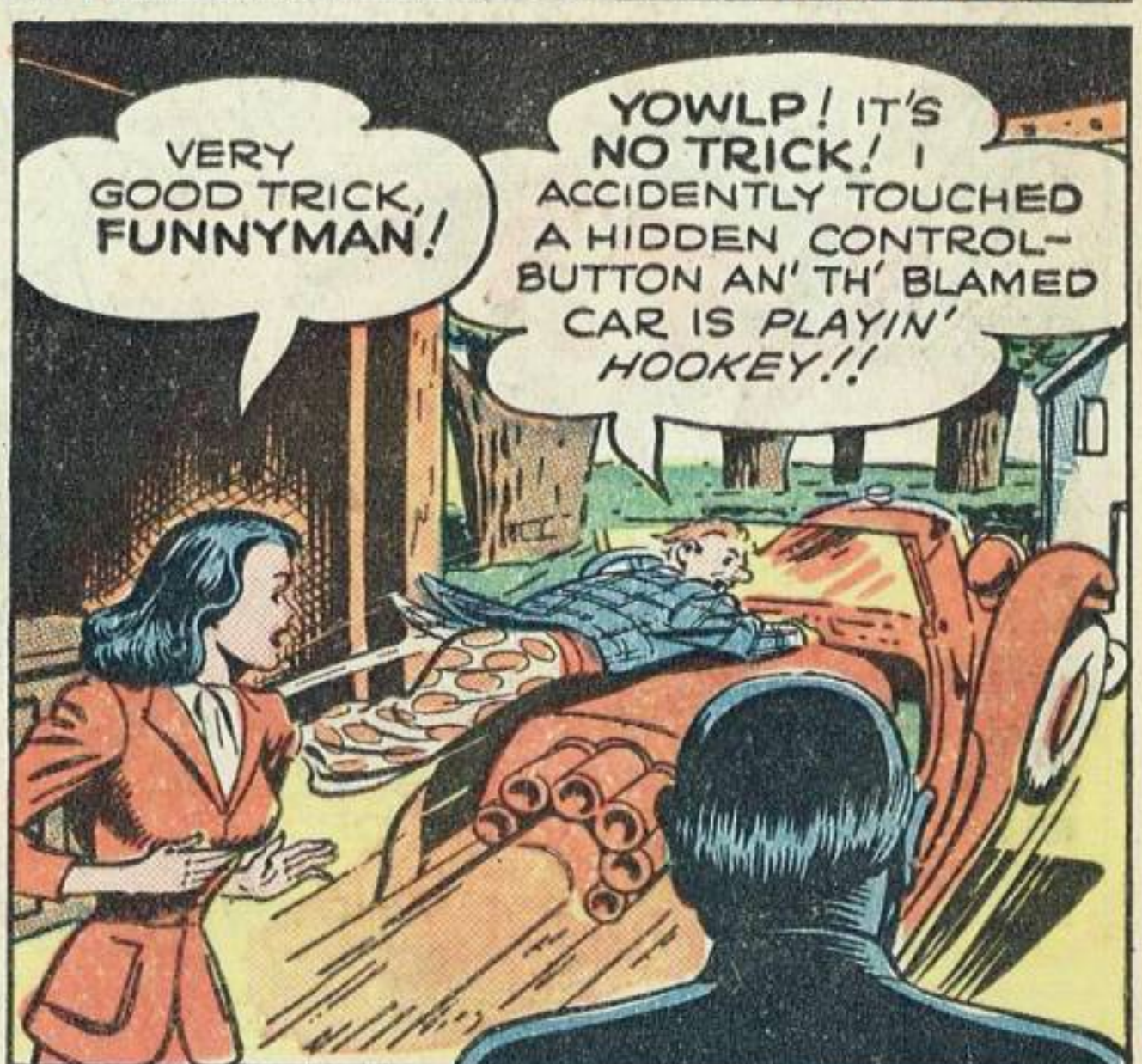
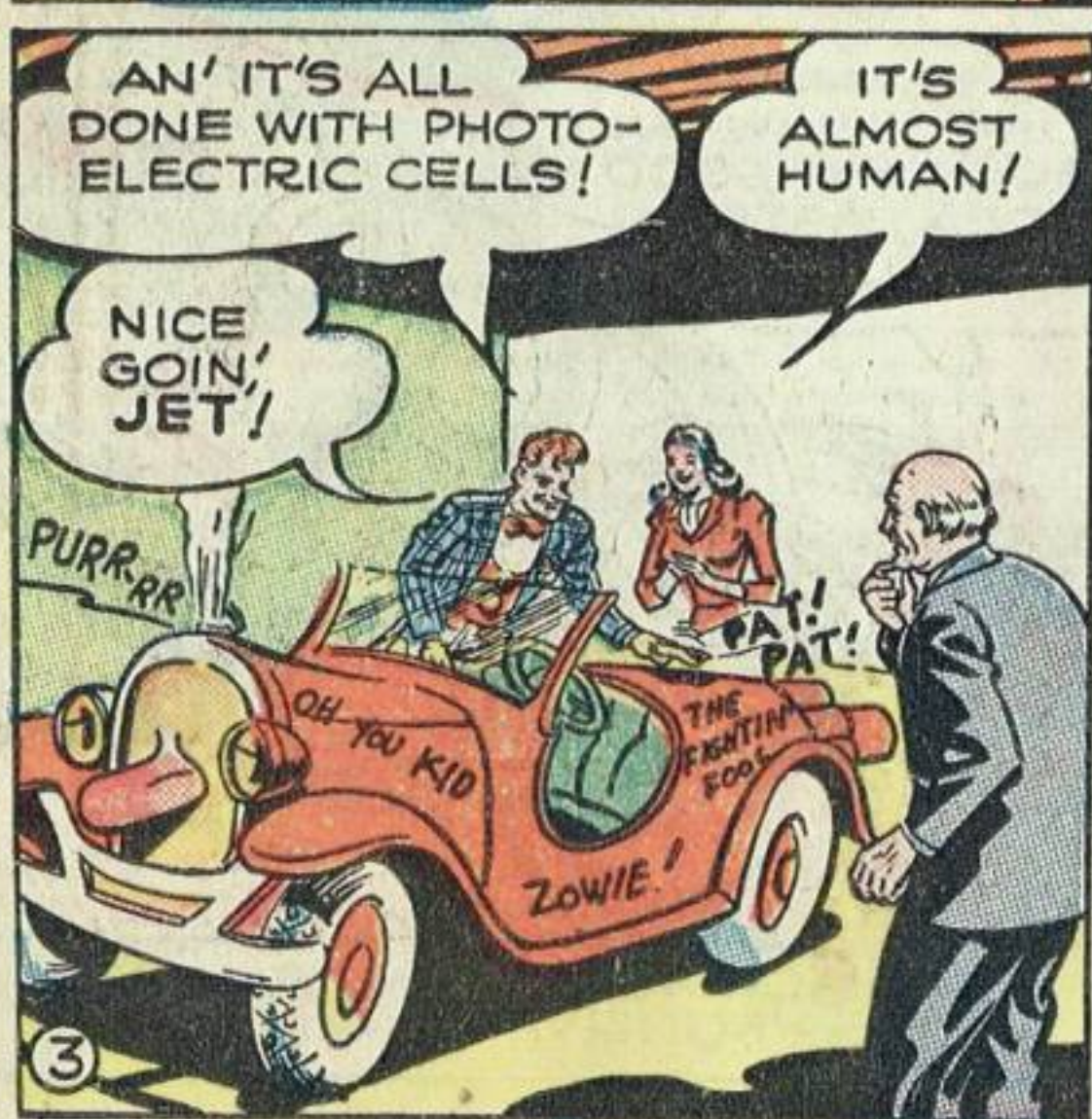
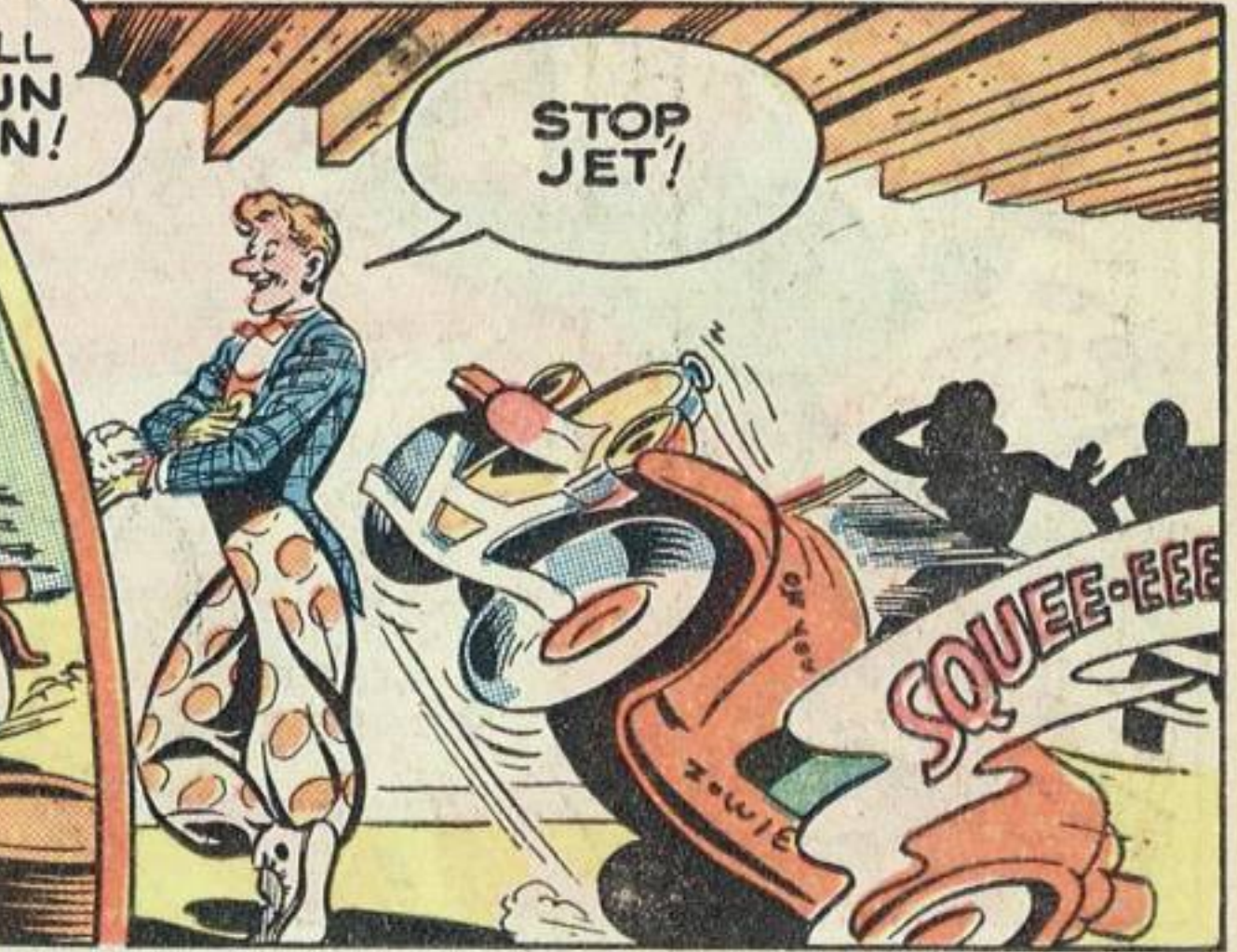
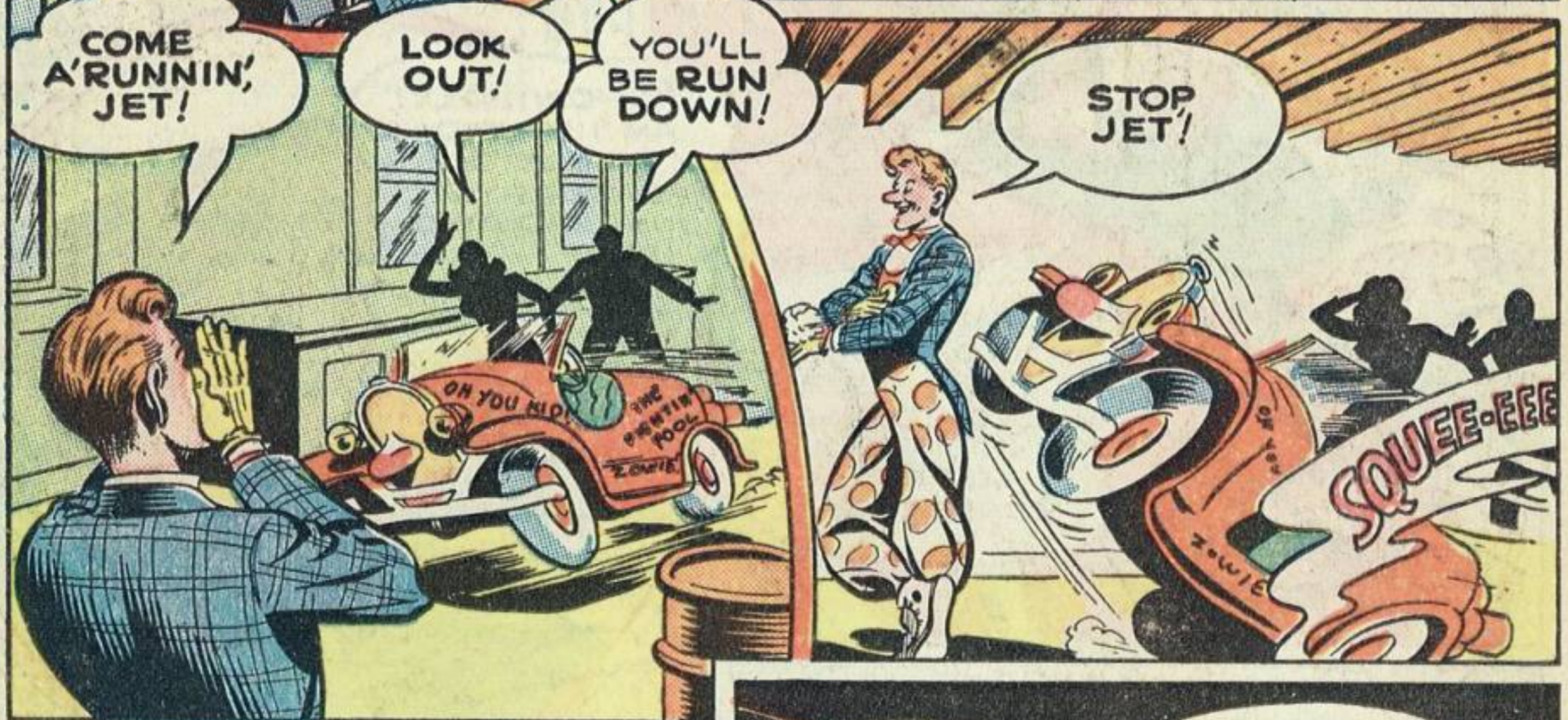
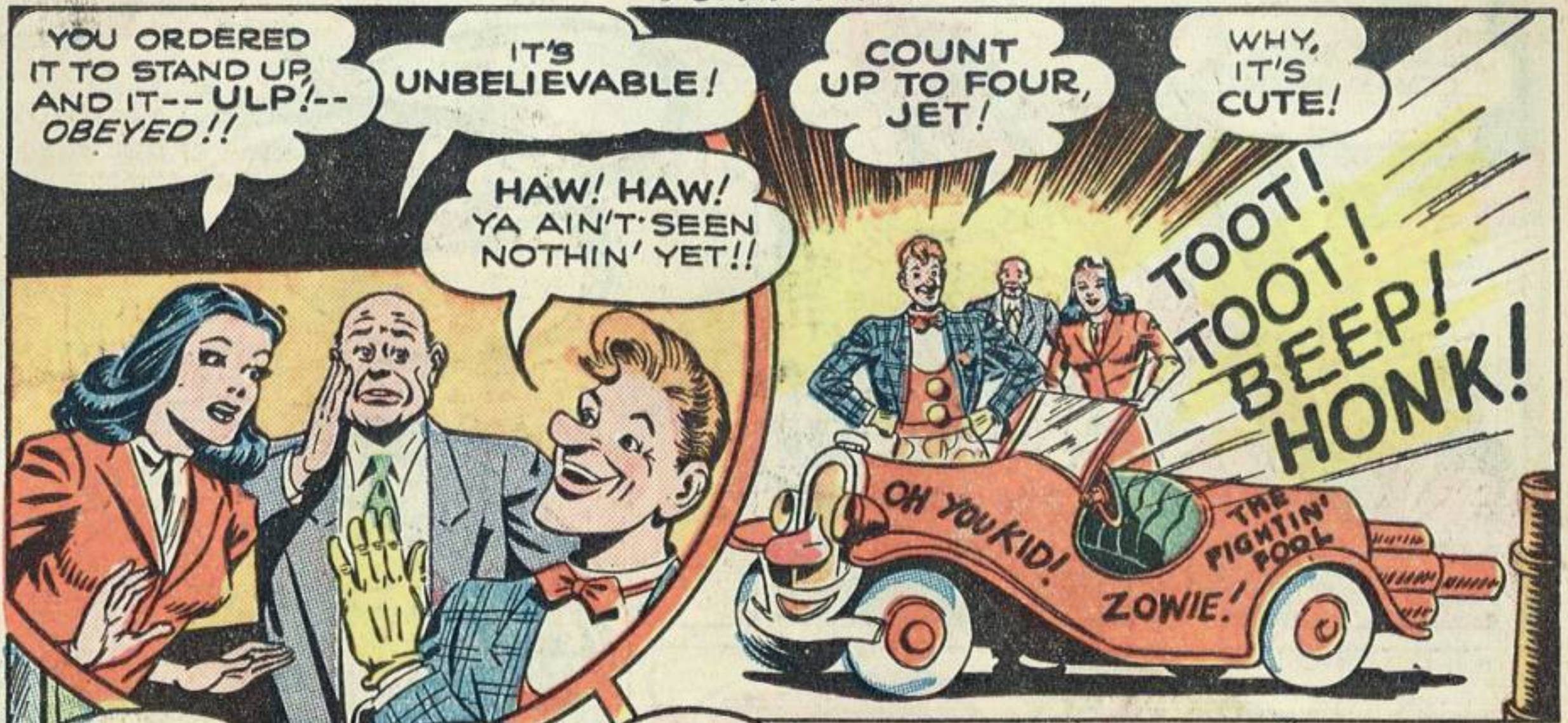
LOOKS DROOPY, BEAT-UP, AND UNINSPIRED, DOESN'T IT? BUT JUST WATCH!

STAND UP, JET!





# FUNNYMAN





# FUNNYMAN



THE JET-JALLOPY HALTS, ALL RIGHT, BUT THE FORCE OF HIS MOMENTUM BREAKS FUNNYMAN'S GRIP AND SENDS THE COURAGEOUS CLOWN  
④ HURTLING INTO SPACE!

COMING-UP! ONE PANCAKE  
-- FUNNYMAN-SIZED!



# FUNNYMAN

AS HE  
TUMBLES  
TOWARD  
DESTRUCTION,  
FUNNYMAN  
AGAIN  
SHOUTS AN  
ORDER TO  
HIS  
MECHANICAL  
CREATION.



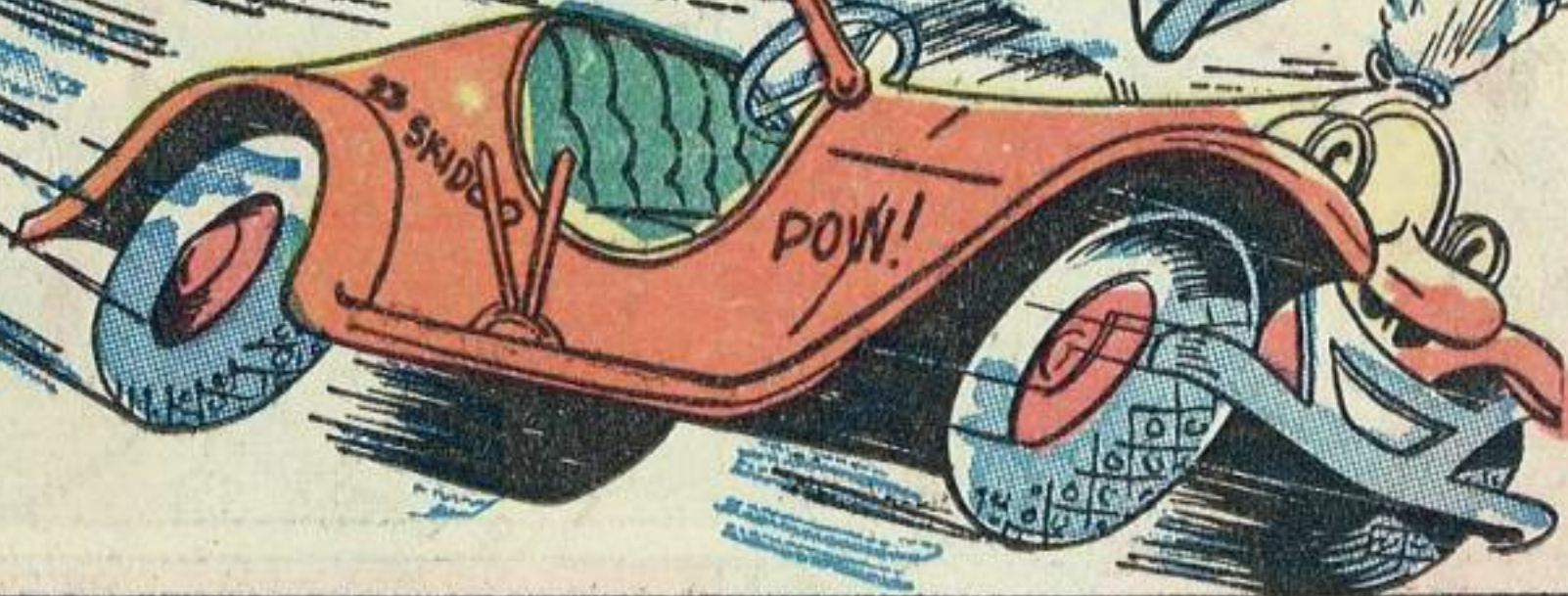
HEY,  
JALLOPY! COME  
T' YORE  
POPSIE!



A HAIRBREADTH  
DIVE!



PEEP  
PEEP



AND SCIENTIFIC WIZARDRY  
DOES THE REST!



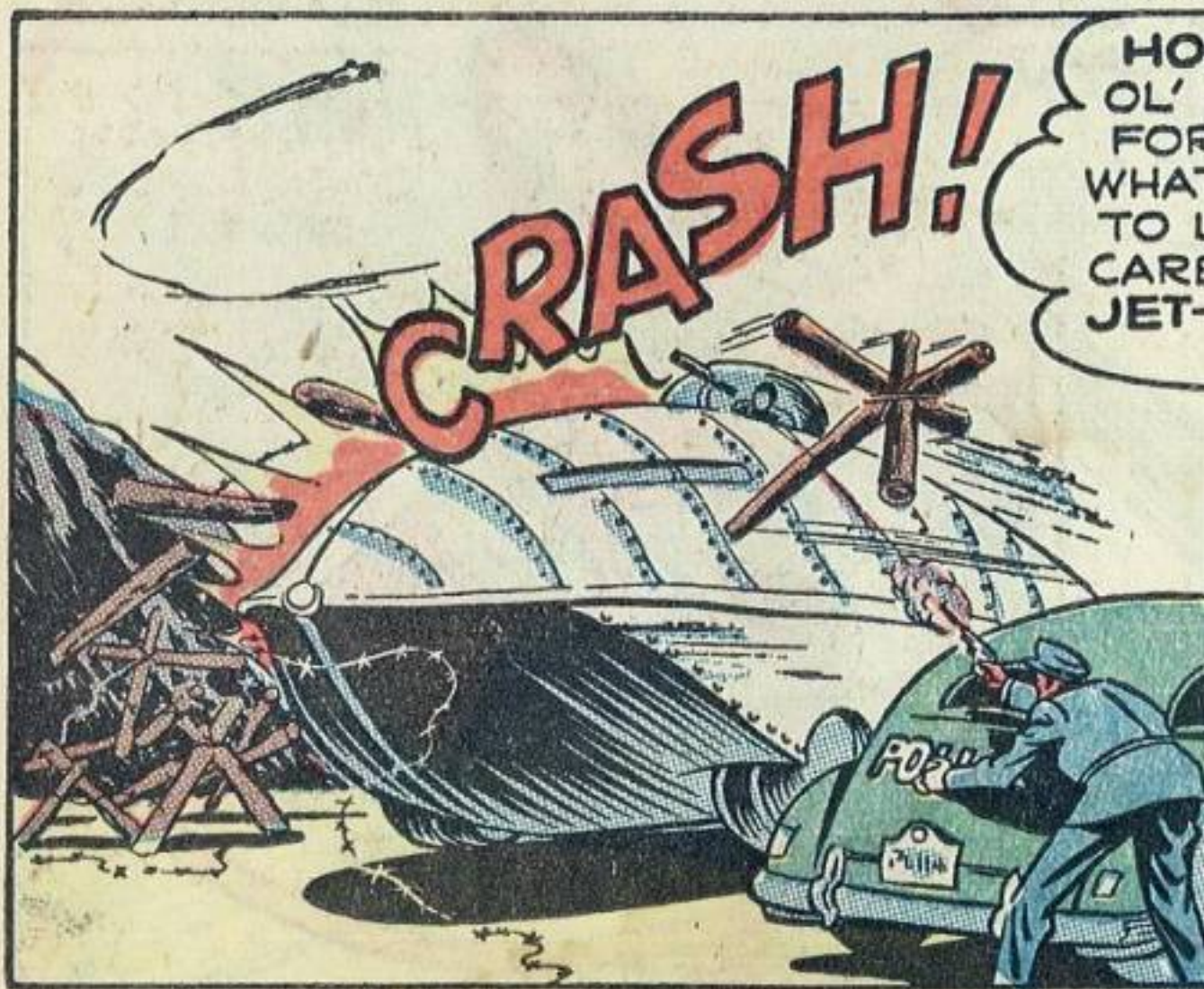
HYAW!  
HYAAWWW!  
I DONE  
DOOED  
IT!!

BUT JUST AS FUNNYMAN IS ABOUT TO  
TURN HIS STRANGE ANACHRONISTIC  
SUPER-VEHICLE HOMEWARD, HE SIGHTS....!

HOLY  
HOKEY!!







HOO-HA!! --IT'S THAT NASTY OL' CRIME-CAR... HEADED FOR DIRTY WORK! OBOYOBOY! WHAT A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO LAUNCH THE CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER OF TH' JET-JALLOPY!



**B**UT LAZAR'S POWERFUL TELESCOPE HAS DETECTED HIS UNORTHODOX OPPONENT!

HM-MPH! SO FUNNYMAN DARES CLASH WITH THE CRIME-CAR! I'LL KNOCK THAT SLAPHAPPY SLUGGER RIGHT OUT OF THE OZONE!



SO IT'S GONNA BE WAR, EH? OKAY, LAZAR! PULL IN THEM EARS, 'CAUSE I'M OUT TA CLIP YA!!



... IN WHAT APPEARS WILL BE A HEAD-ON COLLISION!

**D**ODGING THE SHELL-FIRE, FUNNYMAN ALIGHTS HIS FLYIN' FLIVVER ON THE ROAD, THEN SPEEDS HEAD-ON TOWARD THE CRIME-CAR...

I'M COMIN'!



HO! HO! HO! HO! --THE IDIOT! WHAT CHANCE HAS HE AGAINST THE MIGHTY CRIME-CAR? I'LL CRUSH HIM --LIKE A FLEA!





# FUNNYMAN

**B**UT AN INSTANT BEFORE CRIME-CAR AND JET-JALLOPY ARE TO COLLIDE...!



JUST LIKE  
A GRASS-  
HOPPER!

**F**UNNYMAN LIGHTLY TOUCHES A BUTTON ON HIS VEHICLE'S DASHBOARD, AND A DARK LIQUID SPURTS DOWN UPON THE CRIME-CAR'S PLEXIGLAS OVAL.



HERE'S TO YA!  
A FUNNYMAN  
COCKTAIL  
--GRATIS!

**S**TOP THE CRIME-CAR!  
CLEAR THE PLEXIGLAS OVAL  
SO OUR VISION WON'T BE  
OBSCURED! AND -- KILL  
FUNNYMAN!!!



THERE HE  
IS! GET  
HIM!

HO-HUM!  
GUESS I GOTTA  
GET INTO  
ACTION!



YOU'RE  
ALL  
WET!

WOT  
KINDA  
CAR IS  
DAT??

AGH!



**A**ND AS A GROUP SEEKS TO ATTACK THE DAFFY DAREDEVIL FROM THE REAR.

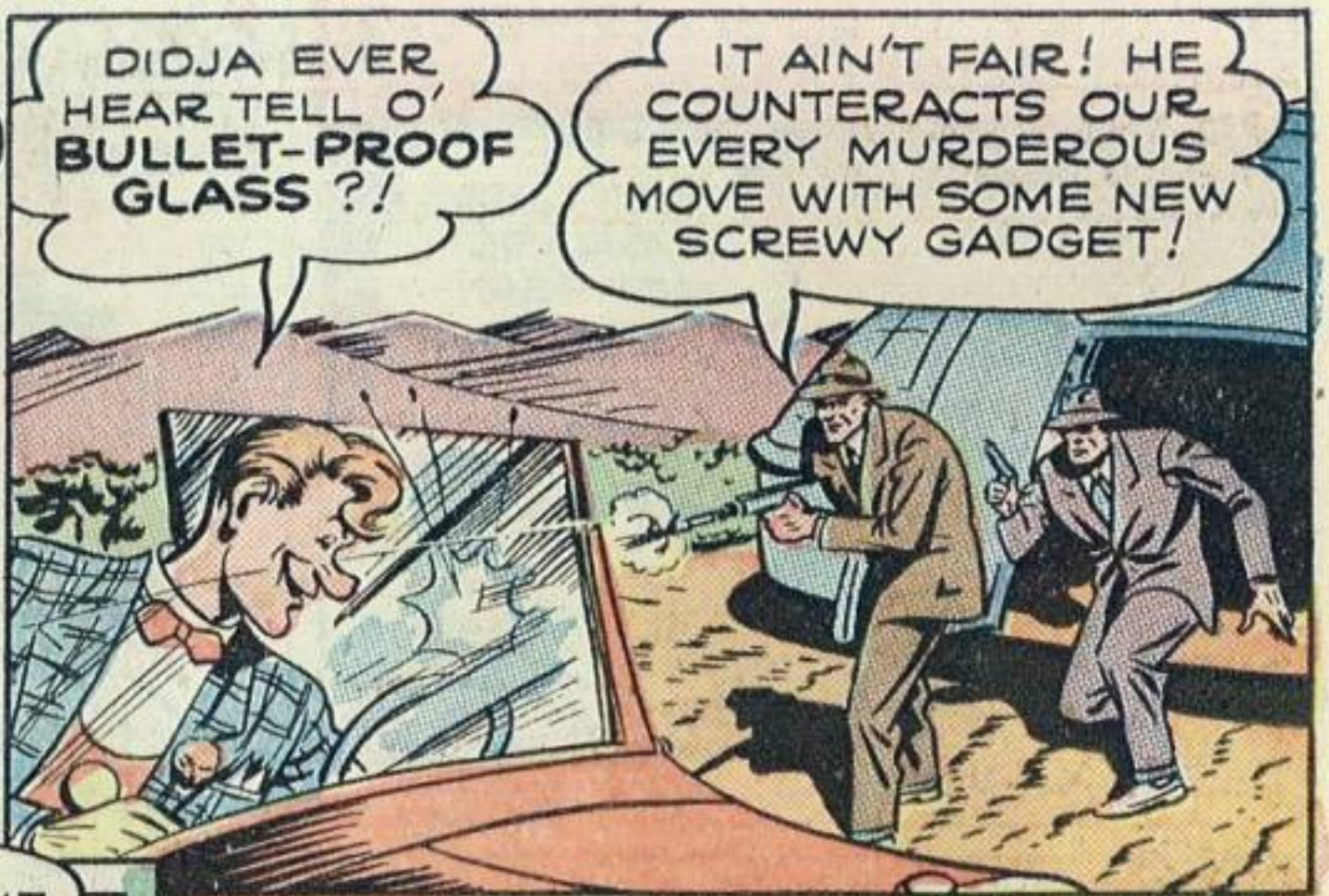
HAVE SOME  
FLY-PAPER,  
YOU  
INSECTS!



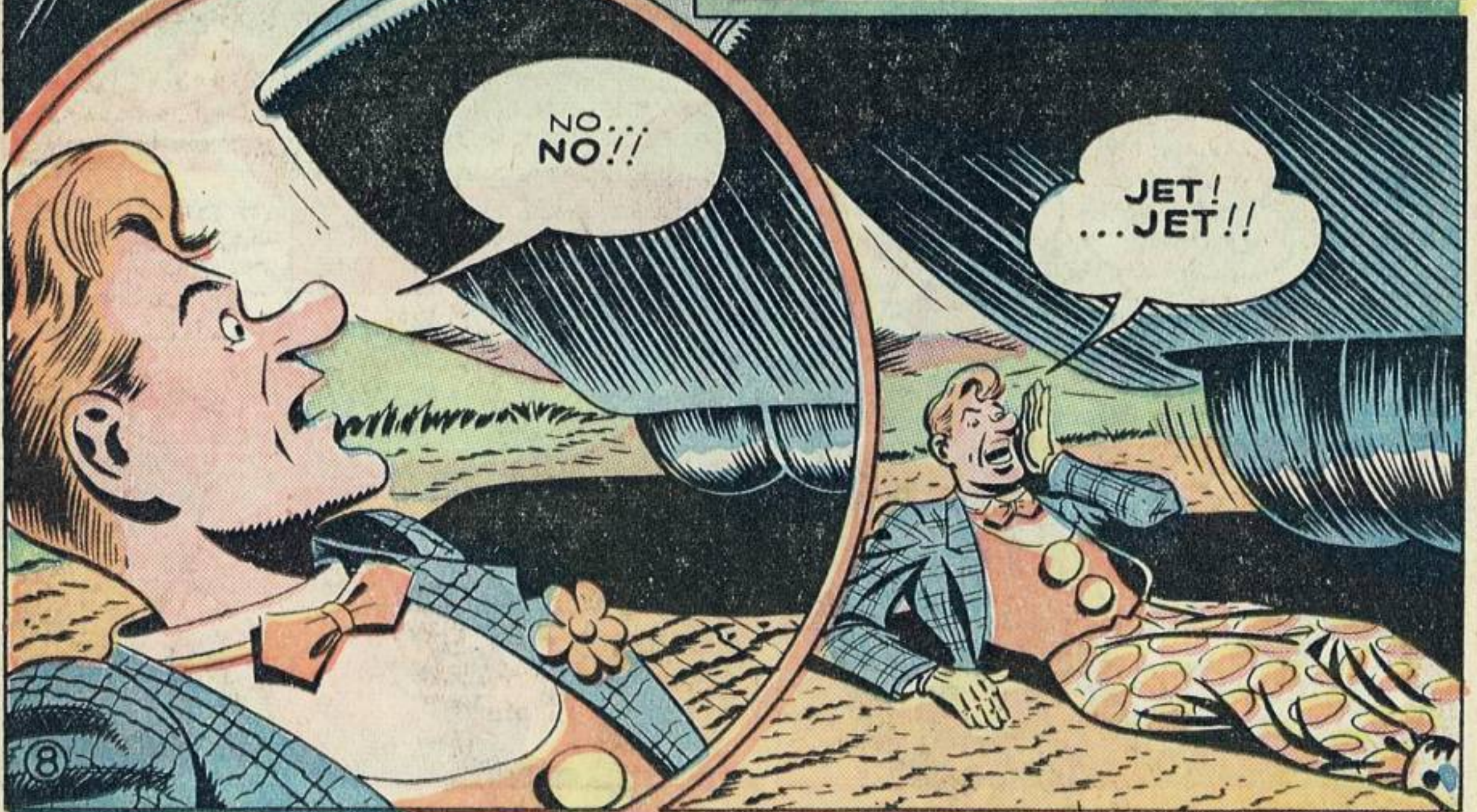
HUH??!



# FUNNYMAN



MINUTES LATER. THE THUGS RE-ENTER LAZAR'S MONSTROUS CREATION. THEN--THE **CRIME-CAR** HUMS INTO ACTIVITY, AND MOVES PONDEROUSLY TOWARD THE SLIGHT, UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE IN ITS PATH.





# FUNNYMAN

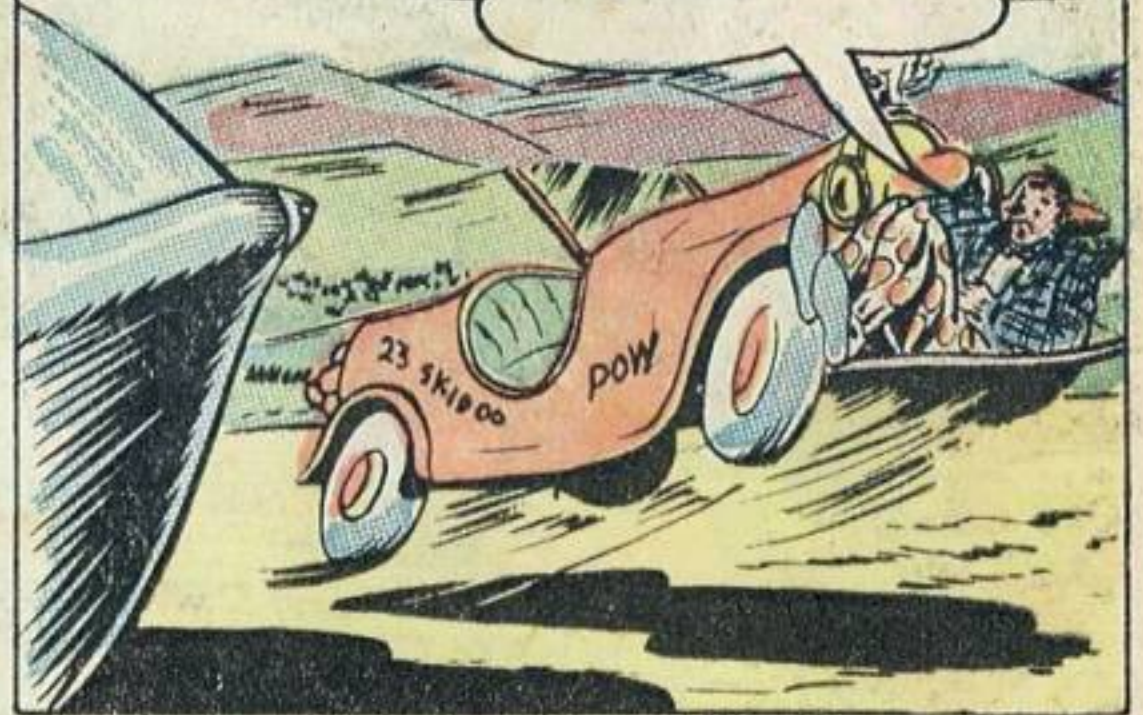
**TO THE RESCUE HURTTLES THE FAITHFUL FLIVVER.**



OPERATION ASHTRAY!!

PUFF!  
PUFF!

**OUT POPS A METAL PROJECTION, TO SCOOP FUNNYMAN OUT OF HARM'S WAY!**



WHEW! ONE MORE SECOND AND I'VE HAVE BEEN RENAMED TRAGICMAN!

**ON TOWARD THE CRIME-RENDEZVOUS SPEEDS LAZAR, UNAWARE OF THE COMIC CRIMEBUSTER'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH.**



SO PERISH ALL WHO WOULD OPPOSE LAZAR!

**MINUTES LATER-- WITHIN A JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT.**



QUICKLY! LOAD THE LOOT INTO THE SACKS, AND LET US BE ON OUR WAY!

**SOON AFTER. AS THE CRIME-CAR MAKES ITS GETAWAY, LAZAR GLOATS OVER THE SPOILS.**

**BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT. THE JET-JALLOPY STEALTHILY SCALES THE BUILDING'S SIDE, VIA ITS SUCTION-CUP EQUIPPED TIRES. FUNNYMAN TAKES A TINY PACKAGE FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.**



RIGHT INTO ONE OF THE LOOT-LADEN BAGS!!

**SOON AFTER. AS THE CRIME-CAR MAKES ITS GETAWAY, LAZAR GLOATS OVER THE SPOILS.**

WONDER WHAT FABULOUS PRIZE IS CONTAINED HEREIN?





WHEN POLICE ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

**FUNNYMAN**

FUNNYMAN MAY USE SCREWBALL CRIME-BATTLING METHODS, BUT HE SURE GETS RESULTS!

BAH!

LATER.

AND SO THE JET-JALLOPY BESTED THE CRIME-CAR! GANGLAND HAD BETTER WATCH OUT!

WHO'S WORRIED ABOUT GANGLAND? SOMETHING TELLS ME IT'S YOU AND I WHO WILL TAKE THE REAL BEATING FROM THIS --THIS FRANKENSTEIN FLIVVER!



JUNE DOESN'T SEEM VERY ENAMORED OF THE WEIRDEST VEHICLE IN EXISTENCE. BUT HOW ABOUT YOU READERS! WANT TO SEE MORE OF FUNNYMAN'S JET-JALLOPY? IF SO, DROP US A LINE CARE OF THIS PUBLICATION.

THE END



# FUNNYMAN

by  
JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

ON GUARD,  
'DOG OF  
A DOG!

A WOODEN SWORD!  
SOMEONE'S BEIN' PLAYED  
FOR A SAP, AN' I SUSPECT  
IT'S A CERTAIN GUY WHO  
WEARS A PUTTY NOSE AN'  
GOES BY TH' MONIKER,  
O' FUNNYMAN!!



**W**HAT SOME PEOPLE WON'T DO TO HELP OTHERS! TAKE FUNNYMAN, FOR INSTANCE. ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS AND HE'D NEVER HAVE TANGLED IN COMBAT WITH CHARLES CHEVAL, FRANCE'S GREATEST DUELIST. BUT DESPITE HIS DAFFINESS, THE **SCREWBALL SCRAPPER** HAS A KIND HEART WHICH MAKES HIM SYMPATHIZE WITH THE UNDERDOG. AND SO, AT THE POSSIBLE COST OF HIS OWN LIFE, FOR THE SAKE OF A PAIR OF YOUTHFUL LOVERS, FUNNYMAN ENGAGES IN...

**"A FOOL'S DUEL!"**



# FUNNYMAN

**A** LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN VENTRAL PARK.-WHAT'S THIS SPRAWLED ON A BENCH? A VAGRANT? A CORPSE? NO, IT'S LARRY DAVIS.

WHAT A DAY--TO RELAX AND REFLECT ON THE VAGARIES OF LIFE, LOVE, AND LAUGHTER...

**B**UT THE ACE COMEDIAN LOSES HIS LACKADAISICAL AIR AS HE OVERHEARS--

BUT HE'LL KILL YOU!

LET HIM! BUT I WON'T GIVE YOU UP!

YOU MUST GO / CHEVAL WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE. I'VE NEVER GIVEN THE MAN A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT, YET HE'S THREATENED TO SLAY ANYONE WHO COURTS ME, AND HE IS FRANCE'S GREATEST SWORDSMAN.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU DOLORES!

("-HM-MM. A COUPLE OF YOUNG LOVERS MENACED BY A NO-GOODNICK! I CAN'T JUST STAND MEEKLY BY AND WATCH THEIR ROMANCE GO ON THE ROCKS...-")

THEREFORE... LET'S HAVE A FANFARE FOR FUNNYMAN!

MEANWHILE.

FASTER, MY NOBLE ATTENDANTS! MY SWORD-ARM ITCHES TO DISPATCH THE SCOUNDREL WHO WOULD STEAL THE WOMAN I LOVE.

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FAITHFUL LEVACUUM, MONSIEUR CHEVAL!

AND YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FAITHFUL LECLEANER TOO- IF YOU CAN COUNT THAT HIGH!



# FUNNYMAN



☆@!!  
\*!@!  
WHAT-?!

WHAT HO, BELOW!  
SEEN ANYTHING OF  
A BIRD'S EGG?

COME  
DOWN!

SP-LATER!

I COLLECT  
BIRD EGGS. I HAD  
ONE IN MY GRASP  
WHEN--

ALL I WANT  
TO GRASP  
IS YOUR  
THROAT!

OOPS!  
MY  
ERROR!

YA-AAAA!

CRACK!

BLUNDERER!  
I HAVE KEEL MEN  
FOR LESS!

I'M SO  
SORRY! HERE,  
LET ME HELP  
YOU BRUSH  
YOUR SUIT  
OFF!

SWINE! YOU  
HAVE SOILED  
MY SUIT! I-I-  
(SPUTTER)...

TCH! TCH! A  
FEW MINUTES AGO  
I WAS DIGGING IN THE  
DIRT FOR FOSSIL  
STONES. I GUESS I  
FORGOT TO WASH  
MY HANDS.



# FUNNYMAN





# FUNNYMAN



WAIT!

NOW  
WHAT?



I THOUGHT WE  
WERE SUPPOSED  
TO STAND BACK-  
TO-BACK AND  
WALK TEN PACES.  
ISN'T THAT THE  
WAY DUELS ARE  
FOUGHT?



OAF! YOU  
ARE REFERRING  
TO THE PISTOL  
DUEL! HOW COULD  
ONE DUEL WITH  
SWORDS AT TEN  
PACES?



I DUNNO. I JUST  
THOUGHT IT WOULD  
BE **LESS DANGEROUS**.  
THIS WAY SOMEONE  
IS LIABLE TO GET  
HURT.

YOUR LAUGHTER  
WILL TURN TO A  
FUNERAL DIRGE,  
CLOWN!



("HEY! WOT KINDA  
DUEL IS THIS? ME-  
THINKS THIS LUG IS NO  
RELATION TO THE  
MARQUIS OF QUEENS-  
BURY. IF HE'S GONNA  
BE UNFAIR, THEN  
**ANYTHING**  
GOES!-")



HEY!  
STOP THAT  
WHITTLING!

NEXT:  
ZE  
THROAT!



THE DEATH-  
THRUST!--  
**YEOWLP!!**

YOU'RE A  
TRIFLE HOT-  
TEMPERED, MY  
FRIEND. HERE'S  
A COOL SHOWER-  
BATH TO COOL  
YOU OFF!



# FUNNYMAN

AND NOW, AN AMAZING DEVELOPMENT.  
FUNNYMAN TAKES TO HIS HEELS, AND RUNS!

CRAVEN  
CAD! COME  
BACK AND  
DIE LIKE  
A MAN!

I'D RATHER  
LIVE LIKE  
A MOUSE.

**H**AS THE  
DAFFY  
DARE-  
DEVIL  
TURNED  
COWARD?  
DON'T GO AWAY,  
READER! MAYBE  
FUNNYMAN  
HAS A METHOD  
IN HIS  
MADNESS!



THAT FUNNY  
LITTLE MAN IS  
BEING CHASED  
BY CHEVAL!

YOU'RE GONNA  
HAVE A GRAND-  
STAND SEAT FREE-  
OF-CHARGE,  
KIDS!

AS SOON AS I  
SLAY THE BUFFOON,  
DOLORES, I'LL  
ATTEND TO  
YOUR LOVER!

("MY PLAN'S  
WORKING OUT  
BEAUTIFULLY.  
NOW TO MAKE  
CHEVAL LOOK  
SILLY IN THE  
EYES OF  
DOLORES!")



DIE,  
DOG!

YAAA-AAA!  
HE - GOT - ME...  
("NOW FOR THE  
RED INK  
GAG!")

SEE HOW THE FOOL BLEEDS TO  
DEATH! HO! HO! HA! HA! ONCE  
AGAIN CHARLES CHEVAL,  
FRANCE'S FINEST  
SWORDSMAN, IS  
TRIUMPHANT!

HOW  
AWFUL!





# FUNNYMAN



AND NOW--



YOW!

I WONDER WHAT RHYMES WITH "YOW"?



POW

THAT'S IT! "POW" RHYMES WITH "YOW"!



YOU'RE HEADED FOR A FALL, MISTER!

MY TROUSERS!



HO! HO! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO FUNNY?

I CAN STAND ANYTHING BUT RIDICULE BEFORE MY BELOVED! I SHALL RETURN TO FRANCE!



FAREWELL, FAIR LADY! IT HAS BEEN AN HONOR TO SERVE YOU!

YOU'RE SILLY BUT NICE.

WE'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU!

AND SO - BACK TO HIS PARK BENCH RETURNS LARRY DAVIS, ONCE AGAIN TO RUMINATE OVER THE UNPREDICTABLE TWISTS OF...



... LIFE... LOVE... AND LAUGHTER...

THE END



# FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER

WON'T YOU  
**PLEASE**  
STAY IN YOUR  
CELL?

NOPE!

NO MATTER  
HOW MANY TIMES  
WE JAIL HIM, HE  
ESCAPES! I CAN'T  
TAKE IT ANY  
LONGER! FAREWELL,  
CRUEL WORLD!

**H**ERE'S A TALE THAT'S A MASS OF CONTRADICTIONS. **FUNNYMAN** IS A COMIC RIOT-- AND YET HE ISN'T! **FUNNYMAN** BATTLES THE LAW, INSTEAD OF AIDING IT-- AND YET HE DOESN'T! IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF AN AMUSING CASE OF CONFUSED IDENTITIES. AND AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL IS THAT ELUSIVE FELON, THE MOST DIFFICULT SCOUNDREL IN THE WORLD TO CAPTURE AND KEEP BEHIND PRISON BARS... **"SLIPPERY SLIM!"**



# FUNNYMAN

OFFICE OF DETECTIVE SERGEANT HARRIGAN, AT THE CITY JAIL.

COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS AND HIS MANAGER, JUNE FARRELL, EH? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

DON'T ASK ME. IT WAS STRICTLY HIS BRAIN-STORM.

WELL, SGT. HARRIGAN, IT'S LIKE THIS. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION, AND I THOUGHT...

--THAT I'D GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN ON MODERN CROOK-NABBING METHODS? BE DELIGHTED TO!

SLIPPERY SLIM HAS ESCAPED!



AND NOW--IF YOU DON'T MIND--WE'LL PEER A FEW MINUTES INTO THE PAST. AH, WHO IS THIS CHEERFUL LITTLE FELLOW SO INTENT UPON HIS TASK? WHY, IT'S SLIPPERY SLIM, THE WORLD'S SLYEST JAILBREAKER!



WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT.

BUT NO SOONER DOES THE DOOR CLOSE BEHIND SGT. HARRIGAN, THEN LARRY DAVIS BEGINS REVERSING HIS GARMENTS.

BLAST THAT SLIPPERY SLIM! HE'S AS ELUSIVE AS AN EEL! AS FAST AS WE ARREST HIM, HE BREAKS JAIL! BUT THIS TIME HE WON'T GET OUT OF THE STATION.

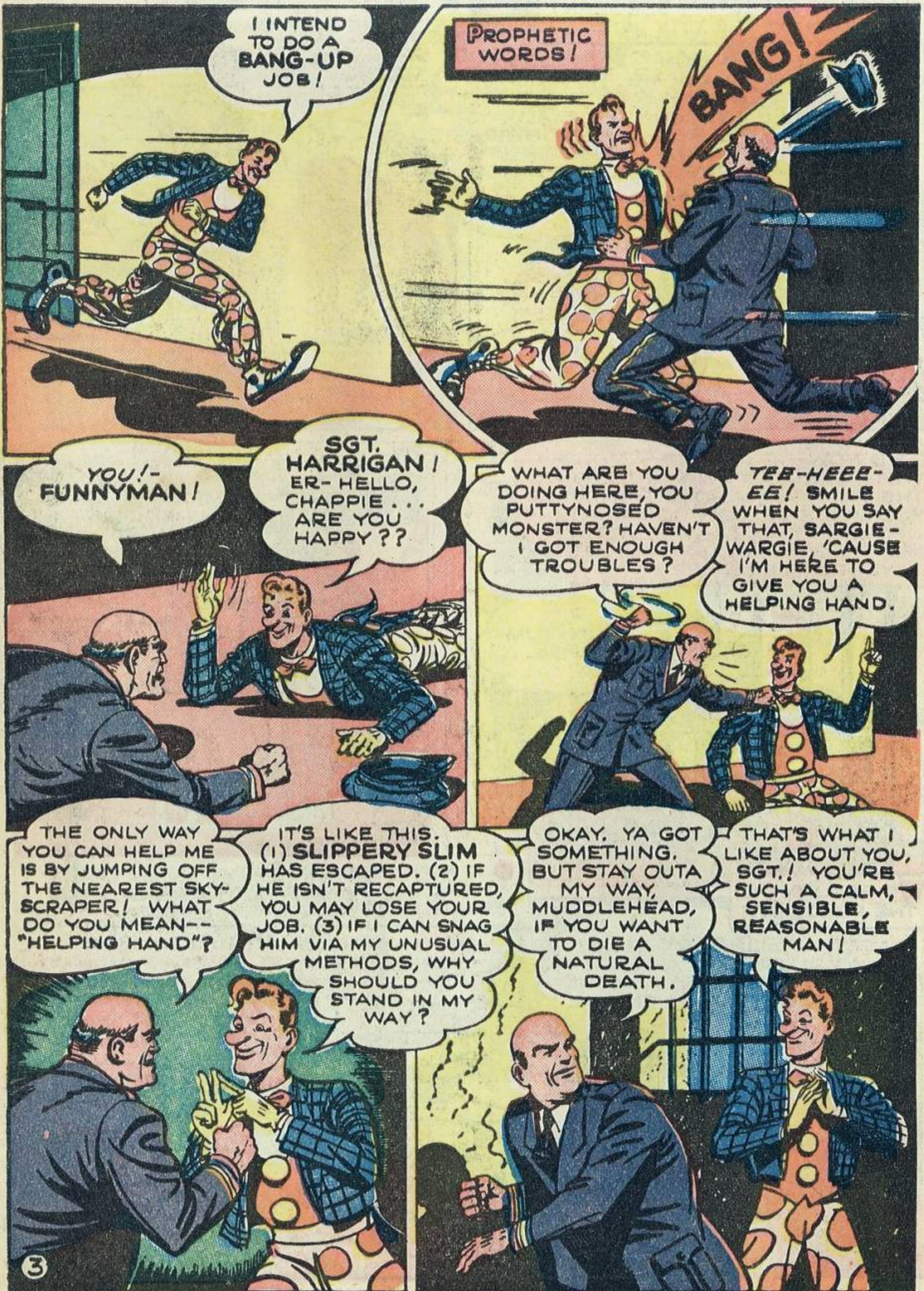
LARRY! YOU CANT-- I WON'T LET YOU DO IT!

THIS PROMISES TO BE AN AMUSING CHASE... AND I INTEND TO BE IN ON IT--AS FUNNYMAN!

GOOD LUCK, SGT.!









# FUNNYMAN

NOW FOR SOME SICK-OLGY. IF I WERE **SLIPPERY SLIM**, WHAT WOULD BE THE LOGICAL THING TO DO? HM-MM... I'D DISGUISE MYSELF AS SOMEONE ELSE AND MAKE AN UNOBTUSIVE EXIT FROM THE POLICE STATION.

("-AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION, MY GOOD SIR! IN FACT, IT'S AMAZING I DIDN'T THINK OF IT MYSELF!-")

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR!

YES?



STEPPING AROUND THE CURVE IN THE CORRIDOR, THE FUGITIVE SWIFTLY EXCHANGES GARMENTS WITH THE COMIC CRIMEBUSTER.

THE MOMENT I ANNEX THE BEAK NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL THE TWO OF US APART.

PLEASANT DREAMS!

OFF SPEEDS THE FAKE FUNNYMAN TOWARD ESCAPE.

I'M SO RESOURCEFUL, I AMAZE ME!





EIGHT TOES!  
NO, THAT'S NOT  
SLIPPERY SLIM'S  
FOOTPRINT.



CR-**CRACK!**

YOW-WW!

YOU BLASTED BUFFOON!  
WHAT AN IDIOT I WAS TO  
LET YOU JOIN IN THE  
HUNT FOR **SLIPPERY  
SLIM!** I OUGHT TO  
HAVE YOU THROWN  
INTO SOLITARY!

HOW CAN YOU SAY  
THAT TO ME, WHEN  
I ALL BUT HAVE THE  
VILLAIN IN MY  
GRASP!



YOU  
AGAIN!!

'TIS  
INDEED  
!!



YOU'VE  
CAUGHT HIM?  
WHERE?  
HOW!

IF YOU GRUFF GENTRY  
WILL CLATTER AT MY  
HEELS, I'LL LEAD YOU  
TO THE CRINGING  
WRETCH!

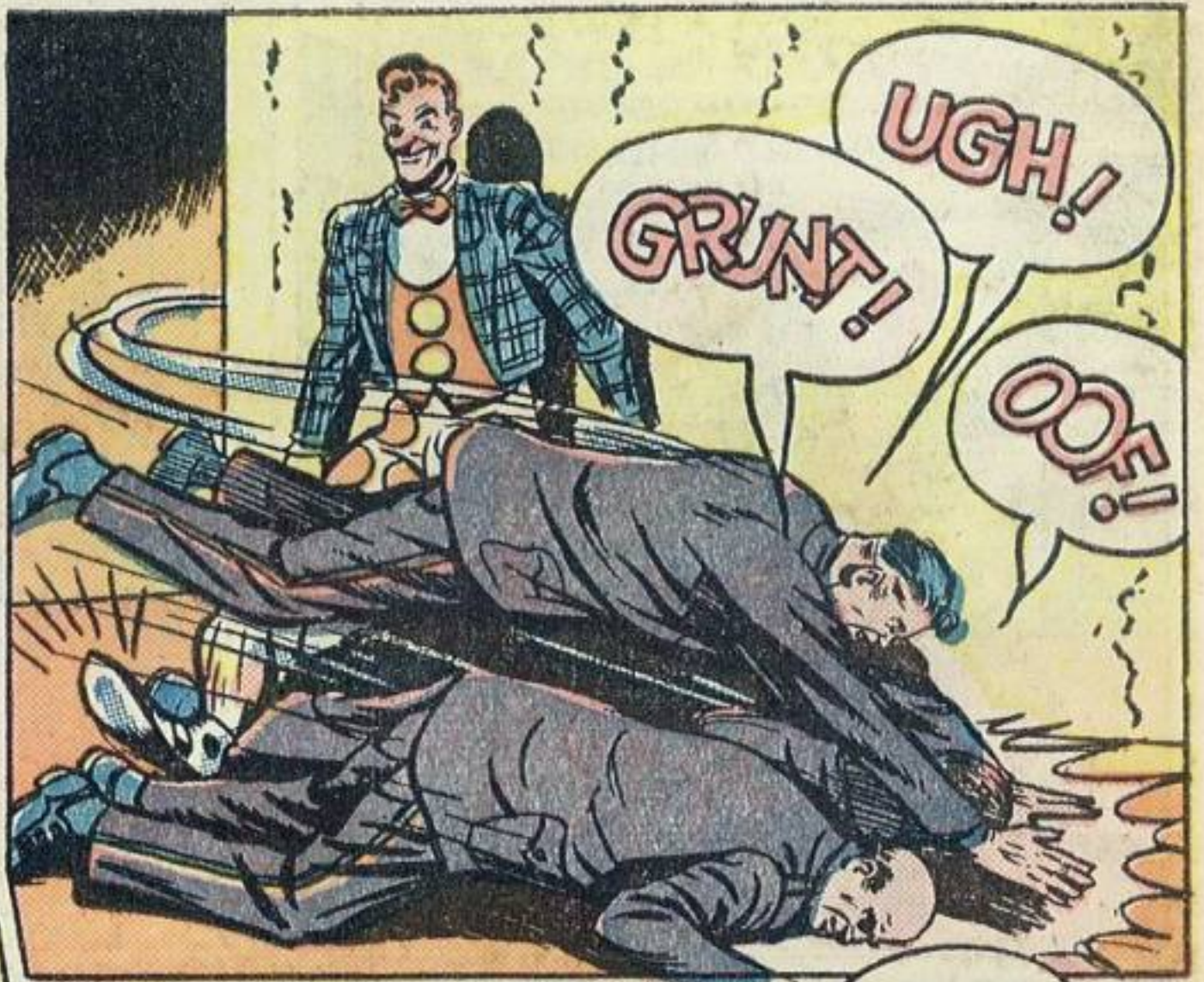
**FUNNYMAN**, IF  
YOU'VE REALLY CAUGHT  
**SLIPPERY SLIM** I'LL  
NEVER SAY ANOTHER  
NASTY WORD TO YOU  
AS LONG AS I LIVE!

WE'LL EVEN  
START A  
**FUNNYMAN**  
FAN CLUB!





# FUNNYMAN





# FUNNYMAN







MEANWHILE!





# FUNNYMAN



THERE HE IS!

WE'LL PULVERIZE 'IM!

ULP!



HEY! WAIT!

LATER!

AWK! IN THAT CELL!



STOP! LOOK IN THAT CELL!

SLIPPERY SLIM! THEN WHO-??

(GROAN!) THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU! I UNMASKED THE IMPOSTER AND TOSSED HIM BACK IN HIS CELL.



HO! HO! HA! HA! YOU CATCH SLIPPERY SLIM... AND GET BEAT UP FOR YOUR PAINS! VERY FUNNY.

WOTTA SENSE OF HUMOR YOU'VE GOT, SGT.! YOU SHOULD WORK IN THE MORGUE!



LATER, HARRIGAN'S OFFICE.

--AND SO YOU SEE, MR. DAVIS, I DIDN'T FIND RECAPTURING SLIPPERY SLIM VERY DIFFICULT-- FOR I RESORTED TO SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION.

YEAH.-- I SEE.



MAYBE THIS WILL GET YOU TO SCRAP THE FUNNYMAN ROUTINE!

NOTHING DOING! SO WHAT IF EVERY BONE IN MY BODY IS BROKEN? I DID IT FOR MY ART!









# FUNNYMAN

BY JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER



ALL I ASK OF YOU, MY BELOVED, IS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY!

YOU'LL GET IT!

IF IT'S LAUGHTER YOU'RE AFTER -- IF THRILLS WILL FILL THE BILL -- THEN TOSS ASIDE YOUR CARES AND ROMP ALONG WITH FUNNYMAN AS THE BATTLING BUFFOON TANGLES WITH ONE OF MALIGNANT DOC GIMMICK'S MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRIME-GADGETS ...**"THE KUTE KNOCKOUT"**!

**L**ABORATORY OF DOC GIMMICK, THE UNDERWORLD'S CLEVEREST CROOKED MECHANICAL WIZARD.

ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU CAME UP WITH A NEW CRIME-GADGET, DOC?

FIRST MEET "THE KUTE KNOCKOUT." OOPS! SHE'S DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF! AREN'T YOU GOING TO PICK IT UP, TORGO?

ALLOW ME, BABE-- OWCH!!

YIPPEE! IT WORKS! "THE KUTE KNOCKOUT" WORKS!!!





# FUNNYMAN

SHORTLY AFTER  
TORGO REVIVES.

WHAT IS  
SHE? A  
BOOBY  
TRAP?

EXACTLY.  
"THE KUTE  
KNOCKOUT," A  
ROBOT GIRL, SERVES  
AS A FEMININE LURE  
FOR PROSPECTIVE  
VICTIMS.

WE PLACE HER ON A DARK STREET.  
WHEN A VICTIM APPROACHES, SHE  
DROPS THE HANKY. HE GALLANTLY  
BENDS TO LIFT IT, THEN--WHANGO!  
--HE GETS BOPPED WITH THE  
MALLET! IT'S ALL  
DONE WITH PHOTO-  
ELECTRIC  
CELLS!

AN' THEN--  
HO! HO! HO!--  
WE CLEANS OUT  
HIS POCKETS!  
DOC--YA DONE  
IT AGIN!!!

NIGHTFALL

HOOT MON!  
WHAT AN EYE-  
DAZZLER... AND SHE'S  
DROPPED HER HANKY!  
ROMANCE, HERE  
I COME!

THUD!

A BEAUTEOUS  
CHICK WHO  
SLUGS 'EM  
AND ROBS  
'EM!

HM-MM!  
WONDER IF  
I COULD NAB  
HER... AS  
FUNNYMAN?

YAK, YAK!  
HOW DID  
WE DO,  
TORGO?

GREAT! HE  
WAS LOADED WITH  
TH' CRINKLY  
GREEN  
STUFF!

STAR  
CITY PLAGUED BY RASH  
OF GIRL LURE ROBBERIES

WOULD-BE ROMEO'S  
ROBBED  
CRIME-GAL KONKS VICTIM

FOR THE INFO OF NEW READERS  
NOT YET HEP TO THE SITUATION, ACR  
COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS IS NONE  
OTHER THAN COMIC CRIMEBUSTER  
... FUNNYMAN!



# FUNNYMAN



THAT EVENING.

'T WAS IN THIS VERY NEIGHBORHOOD THAT THE DARK DEEDS WERE DONE! MAYHAPS, IF I SCOUT ABOUT...



THAT WINSOME MISS OVER YONDER SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES THE GAL IN THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.



--AND SHE'S DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF... JUST LIKE IT SAID IN TH' NEWSPAPER YARNS...



ALLOW ME, MADAME!

WHAT'S THIS? FUNNYMAN DELIBERATELY STICKING HIS ADDLEPATED CRANIUM INTO THE WAY OF DISASTER--???



IT'S THAT ACCURSED SCREWBALL SLEUTH! FUNNYMAN! BUT "THE KUTE KNOCKOUT" WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

HAW! HAW! SHE SHORE WILL!



OH-OH! HERE IT COMES! OUT OF THE ROBOT-GIRL FLASHES A HUGE Mallet TOWARD THE SKULL OF THE UNSUSPECTING (?) VICTIM!

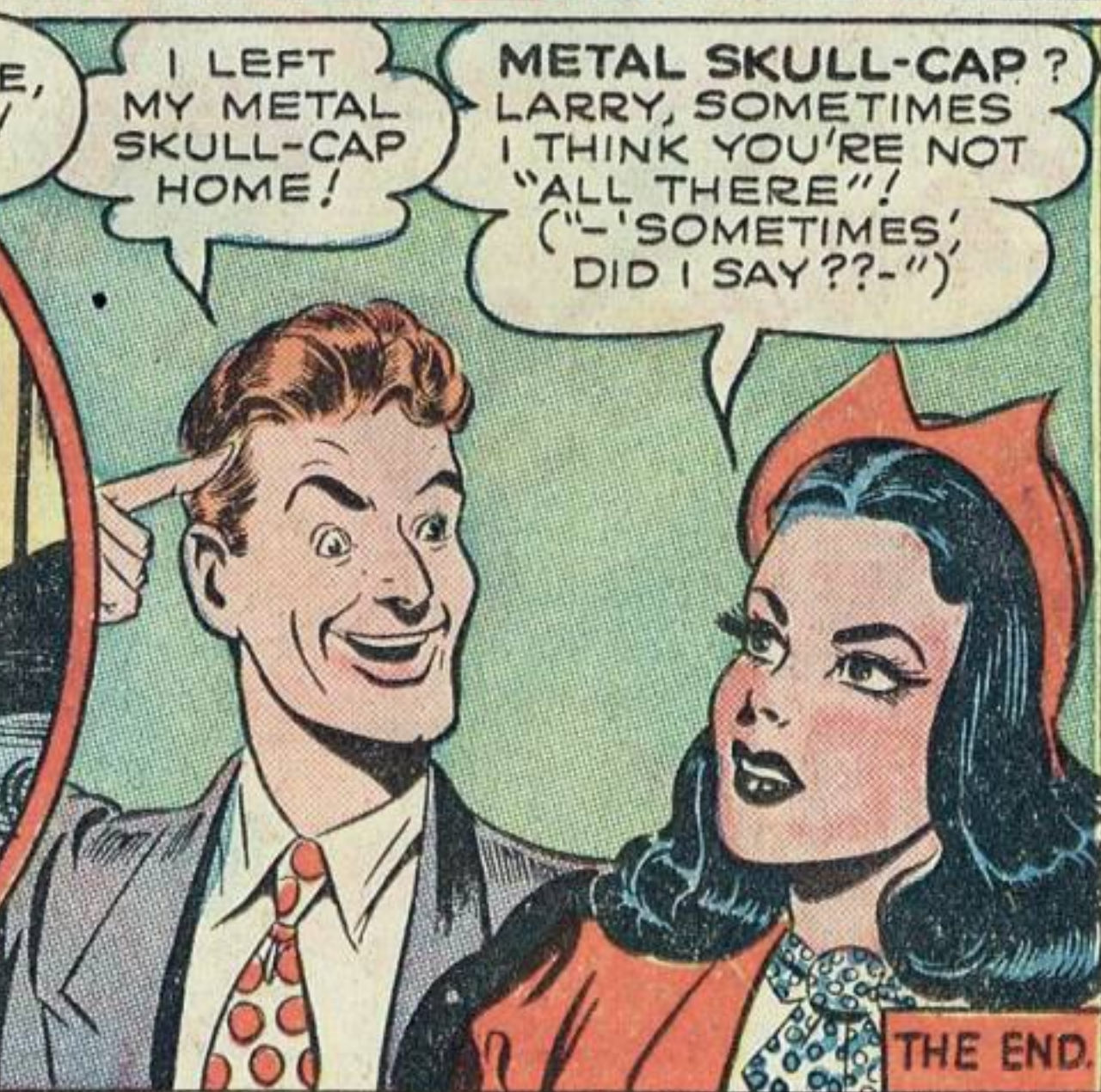
GOOD THING I'M NOT THE SUSPICIOUS TYPE! OTHERWISE I'D HAVE PLENTY OF CAUSE TO WORRY!



# FUNNYMAN









open section, took out his magnifying glass and bent over.

He straightened up. He looked around.

"Where is the giant?" he yelled. "Who stole the body?"

He ran around the doll house. There was no sign of any disturbance, no marks on the floor. Puzzled, he went back and peered at the broken sections of the doll's house.

Flint murmured, "It would take a lot of men to move him. There ought to be fingerprints around." He took out blackish powder from his kit, scattered it around and looked for prints. There were none.

He scratched his head, puzzled. He snarled, "They can't fool me like this. They've managed to sneak his body off and hide it. But they can't hide it on me."

In the distance he saw the water-tank for the high dive. Flint grinned. He muttered, "So! Maybe they've weighted him down and hidden him in water."

He ran to the tank, but it was too high to look into. He would have to go up to the high-diving platform. Muttering to himself, he began to climb. When he was on the fifth step he looked down. The hair on the back of his neck rose up with fright.

The gorilla was loose! He was standing under the ladder, looking up at the detective and growling and beating on his hairy chest with his huge hands.

"Yeeeow!" yelled Hezekiah Flint.

He went up the high-dive ladder with the gorilla after him. Once a hairy hand brushed his ankle and Flint went even faster. He got to the top of the ladder and crawled onto the platform. He peered over the edge—

And found himself staring into the gorilla's face!

"Heh! Heh! Heh!" went the gorilla.

Flint shook. He trembled and quivered. A hairy hand reached up over the edge of the platform and tried to grab him. Flint squirmed out of reach. The little red eyes of the gorilla burned with blood-lust. He slavered at the mouth.

"Go away!" yelled the detective. "How can I solve a murder case with you after me?"

"Heh! Heh!" panted the gorilla.

This time the big animal caught hold of Flint's leg and pinched down on it, hard. Flint leaped. He clawed at the air. He spun around and went over the platform.

He fell heels over head, threshing and kicking.

He hit water and went down.

Dazed, choking, the detective fought his way up through the cold blue depths. His head broke water and he gulped in air. He shrieked.

"The gorilla's loose. Help! Help! The gorilla's loose!"

"Keep quiet, you. You want to get me in trouble?"

Hezekiah Flint gulped. That was a mistake, because he gulped when he was going down in the water. He took in a lungful of cold water, then struggled upward. The gorilla was peering down at him over the edge of the tank.

The gorilla said, "Just keep quiet, bub, and I'll fish you out of there."

"You—you spoke to me!" gasped the detective.

"Sure. I'm an educated gorilla, I am. Here, give me your hand."

Hezekiah Flint let himself be pulled to safety. Teeth chattering, he stared at the animal. "But—but you can't talk. Animals can't talk."

"I can talk," boasted the gorilla. "And while I'm talking, let me give you a piece of advice. Beat it. Leave the circus alone. Otherwise, I'm liable to come after you some dark night . . . heh!heh!heh!"

Flint snarled, "I came here to solve a murder mystery. I won't leave until I've broken the case."

"How silly," laughed the gorilla. "How can you have a murder mystery without a body?"

"So!" cried Flint. "You know the body disappeared. That means you're in on it."

"Just for that," said the gorilla, "I'm going to kill myself!"

The gorilla put his hands to his head, began twisting his neck, turning his head. Flint cried, "He's trying to commit suicide by breaking his neck with his hands—"

Flint fainted just as the head came off.

\* \* \*

Hezekiah Flint opened his eyes. The giant was standing over him, smiling at him. Beside him was a gorilla with a man's head. Flint closed his eyes and whispered, "I'm delirious. I'm seeing things."

"You were right, Bill," said the man-gorilla. "It worked swell."

Flint opened his eyes again and murmured, "It wasn't a gorilla. You're a man wearing a gorilla suit."

"I fool a lot of people," admitted the man-gorilla.

Flint looked at the giant. "And you're alive. You aren't dead. Nobody stole your body."

"I tripped and fell into the doll house while I was carrying some odds and ends. I'm fine now. You know, you've made a fool of yourself. People will laugh when we tell them."

Flint said, "I will go away. I will not annoy the circus any more."

"Go away," said the giant with a grin, "and we will not tell."

Hezekiah Flint walked away, and that was the last time the circus people ever saw him.

THE END



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